Rhoda Vt
March 15th

Pain, Sizle, 1834

Wm. Lloyd Garrison,
Ed. Liberator,
Boston, Mass.

O.S.M.

shall not time to correct her statistics, or other errors &c

Especially for your remarks following Mr. Walker's late dignified article, if my humble effort to support the truth merit any such thing, I cannot thank you enough. A word further on this point: Since my reply to him came in print, it does look to me unpardonably vain, that I inserted that part which eulogizes my own productions. I wrote under some excitement of ~~feeling~~ feeling at the time, and sent it off for the press before it had time to cool; which is the only reason I can now offer why I did not omit that part, or make an apology at the time — yet I have on the whole concluded it not best to offer a public apology since the thing is gone —

Mr. Garrison, when you consider my peculiar circumstances, rendered more peculiar by Coles's late "grave and fatal charge", — which with the vulgar multitude have too much weight — you will allow me at present, while reviewing Mr. Sanford, to make use of the extracts from the Society's documents, which you have compiled in the "Thoughts", and only credit them to those documents, as in the Thoughts. Far be it from me to be ashamed to quote from "Mr. Garrison's book" even though he be called my "master" — would, I might never have a less worthy master — but you know the influence of such ~~studied~~ studied deception (pardon the hard word) as is contained in the phrase: "He has done nothing but retail the statements of Wm. Lo. Garrison". You have noticed that he has not charged me with stealing, or copying; but the falsehood consists in: "He has done nothing but" &c. You have noticed his cloven foot in disguise — if he can convict without accusation or proof, I suppose his object is gained —

Would time and room permit, I would give you an account of Mr. Peal's course in this region — but I can only say; he lost his case in Cornwall, 2 for, against 8! Could I get time to make it out, would some brief statements concerning his management and success in this region be agreeable to the readers of the Liberator? —

Some half dozen typographical errors appeared in the last number of my review of Mr. Converse's discourse which I have not now time to point out —

I must now close this imperfect, heterogeneous thing, and mail it without reviewing, or make it two days later —

The Lord give you good speed — "preserve you from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and from the destruction that wasteth at noon-day" — from the raging billows, as he has yet from the snares of wicked men — open the hearts of ~~his~~ men — let the truth have free course, and be "glorified" — return you in due season to our land of Liberty ($\frac{5}{6}$)! — keep you from the relentless fangs of kidnappers, and grant to preserve your life until your joyful eyes shall behold that glorious, long sought for Sight — Universal emancipation!! This is the sincere prayer of — Orson S. Murray.

of oppression. With no other hesitation than what arises from the consideration of my youth, inability and inexperience — this being much — I will — must I say it? — trustily withdraw who is able to serve — release the yoke. Pray for me and when you make this known to the Board of Managers, O! forget not to remind them of my youth and inexperience. They must not expect great things from or from Vermont at present. The tide will be exceedingly strong against me. But one thing I may be allowed to say without vanity: I have learned to live on a little — I have been too, in the habit of thinking that, whatever I obtain over and above providing for my own household, is the Lord's, who gave it, and ought to be devoted to doing good: and surely I feel that our cause is good — is of God — what, therefore, should me keep back? Owing to peculiar circumstances of my family, — to my being at present engaged in reviewing Mr. Danforth's essays, and to other hindrances, I shall not be able to enter upon the agency before the middle or latter part of the Summer; but I shall in the meantime be doing what my circumstances will permit for the cause. —

I have been advised by friends to write, or chiefly compile from my arguments already published — which ought to be improved — a short pamphlet, which might be circulated in the form of a tract or otherwise, in Vermont, before the time of their taking up annual contributions for the Col. Soc. Please to advise me on this subject, — whether it would be best — what ought to be the cost of printing, and whether it could be printed at the office of the Liberator —

As to the tracts and documents which you mentioned which you could spare me, can you leave them so that I could obtain them from the office of the Liberator? I think the Brandon book seller would get them on for me in the Spring —

Advise me concerning the manner of forming auxiliary Societies, the officers &c. and the manner of opening and closing your addresses, which I suppose to be by prayer. Finally, give me any other advice which you shall think I need, it being much —

I design to send to Washington for the Repository soon —

Tell me whether the Mr. Finley who lately considered himself "injured" by being called an abolitionist, is the boasted founder of that "great Anti-Slavery institution" —

The copy of the "Thoughts" which you sent me is somewhat worn and soil'd will you be kind enough to send me another to handle that I may have it to carry with me, should I live to undertake the agency? Accept of my thanks for one favor —

Could I feel that your kind and respectful notice of my humble attempts to write, were in any degree deserved, I never could render you sufficient thanks. God grant you may never have occasion to repent the encouragement given me. — Edmund

Shoreham, March 15, 1833.

Much esteemed Friend:

It was at ~~et~~ ~~——~~ night-fall, on the 13th, after returning from a swamp, one mile from home, where I had been chopping wood for my fire, that I received your highly valued favor. The tree, which I had been chopping, was some three feet through. As I approached it and surveyed its massy trunk and towering branches, which had witnessed the rising and setting of the Sun and Stars, the round of seasons; and had withstood unnumbered sweeping tempests, for ages before my eyes opened upon the light of this world; and now seemed to bid proud defiance to my puny arm; it brought up in imagination, before my little self, a hostile misguided public opinion.— I then coolly asked myself which of the two required the more resolution.— This mighty one of the woods, at once appeared like a sapling.— I went to the task without hesitation — I repeated the blows — it soon tumbled to the earth with a hideous groan, never more to rise. I have severed it. It is utterly unable to upright itself. It shall soon be consumed, and out of the way trunk and branch of it. But alas! whose ~~——~~ arm has a nerve to that can successfully lay the axe of truth at the root of popular error?—

Good Friend; I can assure you it did not enter my soul to ask for an office of honor or emolument, while asking your advice concerning the course that would be proper for me to pursue for the promotion of our cause in Vermont. When I think of the responsibility that must necessarily be incurred by accepting the generous and unexpected proffer made by the Board of Managers of the New England Anti-Slavery Society; and ~~when I reflect~~ upon my own weakness and inexperience, my soul trembles within me, and cries: "Who is sufficient for these things"? If the Lord had ever once forsaken those who trust in him, I should forever refuse the hazardous undertaking. More mature reflection convinces me that my proposal to start a press in Vermont, was one of my hasty projects,— it would not do at present; ~~without counting the cost~~ yet I do not despair of one day seeing such a thing in operation. Without sufficiently counting the cost, (and this is my failing where there is a prospect of doing good) I was induced to suggest from the consideration that most of our presses are forestalled by the Colonization Society. I can ~~scarcely~~ hardly imagine what would be the prospect before me as an agent. But to come to the important decision; I do feel that an agent of the New England Anti-Slavery Society occupies no mean station. Let Alexander, Hannibal, J. Caesar and N. Bonaparte have the honor (?) of wielding their sword — let modern tyrants enjoy the pleasure (?) of trampling men under their feet. Be it the object of my humble endeavors to wrest the hapless victim from under the